Falſtalffe, kinde Iacke Falſtalffe, true Iacke Falffalffe, valiant Iacke Falſtalffe, and therefore more valiant, being as he is olde Iacke Falſtalffe, baniſh not him thy Harries companie, baniſh not him thy Harries companie, baniſh plumpe Iacke, and baniſh all the world.

Prin. I, do, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a moſt monſtrous watch, is at the doore.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the play: I haue much to ſay in the behalfe of that Falſtalffe.

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. O Ieſu, my Lord, my Lord!

Prince. Heigh, heigh, the diuel rides vpon a fiddle ſticke, what's the matter?

Hoſt. The Sherife and al the watch are at the doore, they are come to ſearch the houſe, ſhall *I* let them in?

Fal. Doeſt thou heare, Hal? neuer call a true piece of golde a counterfet, thou art eſſentially made without ſeeming ſo.

Prince. And thou, a naturall coward without inſtinct.

Fal. *I* deny your Maior, if you wil deny the Sherife ſo, if not, let him enter. If *I* become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: *I* hope *I* ſhall as ſoone be ſtrangled with a halter as another.

Prin. Go, hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke vp aboue: now my maſters, for a true face, and good conſcience.

Fal. Both which I haue had, but their date is out, and therefore ile hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now, maſter Sherife, what is your will with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this houſe.

Prin. What men?

She. One of them is well knowen, my gracious Lord, a groſſe fat man.

Car. As fat, as butter.

Prin. The man, I do aſſure you is not here,
For I my ſelfe at this time haue imploid him:

And

And Sherife, *I* will ingage my word to thee,
That *I* will by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to anſwere thee or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withall,
And ſo let me intreat you leaue the houſe.

She. I will, my Lord: there are two gentlemen
Haue, in this robbery, loſt 300. markes.

Prin. It may be ſo: if he haue rob'd theſe men,
He ſhall be anſwerable: and ſo farewell.

She. God night, my noble Lord.

Prin. *I* thinke it is god morrow, is it not?

She. Indeed, my Lord, I thinke it be two a clocke.

Prin. This oylie raſcal is knowne as well as Poules: go him forth,

Peto. Falſtalffe? faſt aſleepe behinde the Arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

Pri. Harke, how hard he fetches breath, ſearch his pockets.

He ſearcheth his pocket, and findeth certaine papers.

Prin. What haſt thou found?

Pet. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

Prin. Let's ſee what they be: read them.

Item, a capon. 2.
Item, ſawce.
Item, ſacke, two gallons. v.s.
Item, anchaues and ſacke after ſupper. 2.s.
Item, bread.

O mõſtrous! but one halfepeniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of ſack? what there is elſe keep cloſe, wee'le reade more aduantage: there let him ſleepe till day; ile to the court in the morning. We muſt all to the warres, and thy place ſhall be honorable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death wil be a march of twelue ſcore, the money ſhall be paid backe againe with aduantage; bee with me betimes in the morning, and ſo good morrow Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mor. Theſe promiſes are faire, the parties ſure,